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THE
L O V E S
O F

Mars and Venus ;

A PLAY set to MUSICK:

Written by Mr. Motteux.

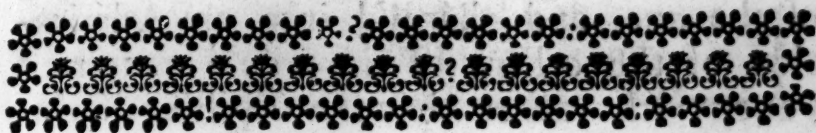
Fabula narratur toto notissima Cælo. Ovid.



L O N D O N :

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To the Honourable

Colonel *Codrington*.

S I R,

 Cannot more effectually enforce the Moral of this Piece, which exposes the Frailty of a Warrior, than by prefixing to it the Name of one who with the Bravery and Gallantry of *Mars* has no allay of his Vices: And as among the few living Exemplars of such unsullied Virtue I know none more universally, nor more justly allow'd than your self, I must appeal from your Sentence to all the World, should your favourite Modesty bias you to condemn the Necessity of this Address. While so many of our Youth are neglectful of their Ancestors Glory and their own, and inded of every thing but Effeminacy or Libertinism, 'tis fit we shou'd set before their Eyes not only the Deformities with which they are familiar, but the Beauties to which they are Strangers, that they

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may

may at once be sham'd into a Loathing of the one, and charm'd into an Admiration of the other. This wou'd require a *Panegyrick* rather than an *Epistle*, if studied Ornaments, often injurious to prevailing Charms, were not as prejudicial to convincing Truth, which is most engaging in its innocent Nakedness, at which it needs not blush, since it never fell like Man. To those that know you, your Name alone will imply more than the best Oratory could display, and even an imperfect account of your Excellencies will seem almost incredible to others. You set out so soon and so vigorously for the Race of Glory, that in your early Morn we see you gain the Prize. Thus even at those years when others of your Birth and Fortune made no other use of the opportunities they had to improve their Minds but to impair 'em, the general ill Example could not affect you, unless it were with Compassion; you despis'd their false Pleasures for the chaste Love of that *Celestial*, that *Alma Venus* of your own *Lucretius*, and that sublime Truth of your admir'd *Malebranche*. You even then repeat the *Muses Laurels*, as now you do those of *Mars*, while your brave Father in the New-world was gaining a Name that spreads over the old, as yours now flies from the one to the other. The World with amazement saw you arise in full Glory, and reconcile

Qua-

Qualities thought almost incompatible; at once a nice and impartial Critic, yet a polite and excellent Master of Fancy; a Man of Wit and Conversation, yet a Respector of sacred things; a Courtier, yet the best of Friends; a forward Soldier, yet a good Officer; and in short, a profound Scholar, yet a fine Gentleman. Such partly *Cæsar* was; thus he exerted the Writer and the Hero; but with this difference, he fought to enslave his Country, you to free yours: and 'twas but just that as your Studies have advanc'd you to an honourable Post among the Learned, so your Courage shou'd give you one among the Brave, that you might be at once a singular Honor to either Station; the more, as you seek no other Benefit from both, but that of doing the more good to Men of both Professions. For, far from being like those whose Pleasures engross their Youth and Wealth, you cannot be happy with yours, unless it makes others so; and I could instance some whose needy Modesty has found it self unexpectedly reliev'd by you, without being expos'd to any other Blushes than what so surprizing a Generosity could raise. I know Sir, you wou'd have your Bounty conceal'd; but pardon me if I say, 'tis too often imploy'd, not to be discover'd; besides, it acts in so obliging a manner, that 'tis a pain to a grateful Spirit to conceal it; insomuch that he fore-
goes

goes the Pride which waited on his Want,
to own Favours that humble him, if it can
humble a Man to be reliev'd by you: For
my part, I am so far from thinking that pos-
sible, that I have long been ambitious of
having this opportunity of owning my self,

S I R,

Your most devoted,

most Obedient, and

most Obliged Servant,

P. Motteux.

P R E.

PREFACE.

THIS Musical Play or Masque was written to be inserted into a very short Farce, written by Mr. Ravenscroft, called *The Anatomist*, or *the Sham Doctor*; without any other Expectation than that of being serviceable to my Friend. For I am too well acquainted with that way of Writing, and my own Incapacity, to aim at Reputation by it. The Rhymer here must sacrifice that to the Musician, or rather to the Audience's Ear, if there be any Reputation to be challeng'd from Trifles of this Nature. I chose a Subject never manag'd in a Dramatick way before; tho gallantly handled by Ovid, from whom I borrow'd it, as I have a couple of Songs from my self, formerly inserted elsewhere. I was prevail'd with to bring in a Song and Dance of the Cyclopes, tho I knew there is one in *Psyche*, borrowed almost verbatim from *Moliere's*, as he borrow'd his from an old Italian Opera called *Le Nozze de gli Dei*; but mine is wholly different, which was more difficult than to have invented another. Whatever the Critics may think of the Lines, if any will honour them so far as to find fault with 'em, I dare assure, from the little judgment I have, and much more from the general approbation of the best Judges, there has not been more agreeable, nor more masterly Music perform'd upon our Stage. The two great Composers having, as it were, nobly strove to outdo one another, and thus excell'd even themselves.

By reason of the Symphonies and Repetitions some Lines are left out in the Singing, which may easily be known by the Marks prefix'd, and past over, when the Music is performing.

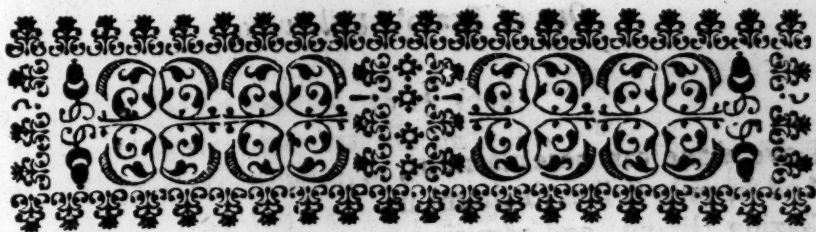
Dramatis Personæ.

In the Introduction or Prologue.

<i>Erato</i> , the Muse that presides over Love Songs, &c.	}	Mrs. Hodgson.
<i>Thalia</i> , the Muse that presides over Co- mic Sports,		
<i>Terpsichore</i> , the Muse that presides over Dancing, &c.	}	Mrs. Ayliff.
Chorus of Singers and Dancers, their Followers.		

In the Play.

<i>Mars</i> ,		Mr. Bowman.
<i>Vulcan</i> ,		Mr. Reading.
<i>Gallus</i> , (<i>Mars's</i> Pimp design'd for Mr. Dogget)	}	Mr. Lee.
<i>Cupid</i> ,		Jemmy Laroche.
<i>Brontes</i> ,	}	Cyclopes.
<i>Arges</i> ,		
<i>Steropes</i> ,		
<i>Pyrachmon</i> ,		
<i>Fear</i> ,	}	<i>Mars's</i> Attendants.
<i>Anger</i> ,		
<i>Noise</i> ,		
Chorus of Cupids.		
Chorus of Warriors, some of 'em Dancers.		
<i>Jupiter</i> .		
<i>Momus</i> (with other Gods only seen)		Mr. Sherburn.
<i>Venus</i> ,		Mrs. Bracegirdle.
<i>Aglaia</i> , one of the Graces,		Mrs. Hodgson.
<i>Euphrosyne</i> , another of the Graces,		Mrs. Ayliff.
<i>Hora</i> , one of the Hours that wait on <i>Venus</i> ,	}	Mrs. Perrin.
<i>Juno</i> , (with other Goddesses only seen)		
Four of the Cyclopes Wives that dance.		
<i>Jealousy</i> ,		Mrs. Hudson.



PROLOGUE; O R, INTRODUCTION:

Set to Musick by Mr. *Finger*.

Perform'd after the Prologue that is spoken.

The Overture : A Symphony of Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, Violins and Hautboys.

SCENE, the New Theatre.

Erato, Thalia, and Terpsicore, with their Attendants
on both sides the Stage, are discover'd.

Accompaniments of Instruments.

Erato.

Come all, with moving Songs prepare
To charm the Witty and the Fair!
Ye Trumpets softly breathe or cease!

Love may in Britain raise a War,
But 'twill be sweeter far than Peace.

Chorus repeats the foregoing Stanza.

One

60 Loves of MARS and VENUS.

One of Erato's Followers.

I.

Love alone can here alarm us,
And he only strikes to charm us.
Gazing, liking, and admiring,
Firing, panting, and desiring,
Fearing, daring, trying, flying,
Feigning, pressing, faint denying,
Still reviving fierce Delights;
This is Love, and these his Fights.

Ritornel of Flutes.

II.

Eager Kisses,
Fiery Glances,
Balmy Blisses,
Melting Trances,
Kind Complying,
Kinder Dying,
Happy Days and happier Nights,
Still reviving fierce Delights;
This is Love, and these his Fights.

Ritornel of Violins.

Two others.

Love, like War, has noble Cares;
War sheds Blood, and Love sheds Tears.
War has Swords, and Love has Darts;
War takes Towns, and Love takes Hearts.
Love, like War, the bold requires:
Love, like War, has Flames and Fires.
Love, like War, does Art admit;
Love, like War, for Youth is fit.

Ritornel of Violins.

Erato.

INTRODUCTION. 61

Erato.

Scorn, tho Beauty frowns, to tremble.
 Lovers, boldly urge your Flame:
 For a Woman will dissemble,
 Loves the Joy, but hates the Name:
 Her refusing, your pursuing,
 Yield alike a pleasing pain;
 Ever curing and renewing,
 Soon appeas'd, to rage again.

II.

‘ If the Soldier storms and rages,
 ‘ Face him with a lovely Maid:
 ‘ This his Fury soon assuages,
 ‘ And the Devil soon is laid.
 ‘ He ne’er conquers but by Toiling,
 ‘ But the Fair subdues with Ease:
 ‘ Blood he sheds with hatred boiling,
 ‘ But the Fair can kill and please.’

Ritornel of Violins.

Thalia.

To double the Sports to *Thalia* belongs;
 I’ll join comic Scenes to your amorous Songs:
 To heighten Life’s Pleasures, to soften its Cares,
 No Charm like a Farce, no Physicians like Play’rs.

Ritornel.

Terpsichore.

To treble the Pleasures,
 With regular Measures,
 My Train shall advance:
 Some join in a Chorus;
 While, gaily before us,
 Some join in a Dance.

Ritornel.

F

Grand

Grand Chorus.

Let Scenes of Mirth and Love,
 With Songs and Dances joining,
 The fleeting Hours improve,
 And banish dull repining.
 He who those Joys refuses,
 When kindly they invite,
 The End of Living loses;
 Life's Business is Delight.

[Exeunt.

While the grand Chorus is performing, there is an Entry of Dancing-Masters, teaching their Scholars, and making love to 'em: and a Harlequin mimicking 'em with a She-Harlequin, which expresses the business of the Prologue. This Dance cannot be perform'd, the Master who made it being sick: Another Entry is danc'd instead of it.



The



The LOVES of
MARS and *VENUS*.



The First ACT,
Set to Musick by Mr. John Eccles.

SCENE, a PALACE.

Overture. *Violins and Hautboys.*

Enter Aglaia and Euphrosyne.



O meet her *Mars*, the Queen of Love
Comes here adorn'd with all her Charms;
The Warrior best the Fair can move,
And crowns his Toils in Beauty's Arms.
Symphony of Flutes.

*Enter Venus improving her Dress; attended by Hora,
the Graces, and others.*

Say, ye Graces, am I now
Fit to make Immortals bow?

F 2

Are

Are my Dress, my Face, and Air
Fit to charm the God of War?

Say, ye Graces, am I now
Fit to make Immortals bow?

Hera.

You've been scarce five Hours a dressing,
Yet you're charming past expressing.

Venus.

Let me see once more the Glass.
So! ——— I fancy it may pass.

*She looks a-while in the Glass, while a Ritornel
is plaid.*

Euphrosyne and Aglaia.

- ' Women seldom like their Faces,
- ' Tho they long consult the Glass:
- ' But if you dare trust the Graces,
- ' You now ev'n your self surpass;
- ' And when Beauty's self engages,
- ' Arm'd with such a Dress and Air,
- ' She may conquer rigid Sages,
- ' And even the rough God of War.

Venus.

How slow the warlike God I find!
On Love's expanded Wings expecting Lovers move,
But slow as palsy'd Age expected Lovers prove;
Love flags, and leaves the heavy Mass behind.

Fly, ye Hours; haste, bring him here,
Swift as my fond Wishes are.
When we love, and love to rage,
Ev'ry Moment is an Age.

Enter Cupid to the same Tune, and smiling.

But when blest with what we love,
Ages but a Moment prove.

Beauty's Goddess, cease to mourn:

Soon to your Arms,
From Wars' Alarms,
Your Lover will return.

Your

MARS and VENUS.

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Your Grief will then be lost in Kisses,

Melting Blissess ;

You will gaze, and laugh, and toy :

As gloomy Night

Adds Charms to Light,

So Absence to our Joy.

Ritornel.

Venus.

Will my Soldier then be here ?

Where was he ? come, tell, my Dear,

[Chucks Cupid under the Chin

Cupid.

The rough Warrior rov'd awhile

In the lovely *British* Isle.

Had not I his Flame renew'd,

He cou'd scarce have now been here ;

For such Beauties there I view'd,

As might ev'n with you compare.

Venus.

Tell me, gentle *Cupid*, how

In that Isle I'm worship'd now ?

Cupid.

There the kindest Husbands are,

And the kindest-hearted Fair.

Each in *Hymen's* Bonds is free ;

And, when Wives with Lovers go,

Cuckolds, not to disagree,

Thank the Men who make 'em so.

Ritornel.

Others, fond of roving Lives,

Love all Women but their Wives.

Painted Beauties there abound ;

Nay, some Men are painted too :

Crouds are in all Temples found,

But come most to worship you.

Venus.

Happy Isle ! and happier far,

If thou knew'st no other War !

F 3

Venus.

Venus's Attendants repeat this Distich:
 Happy Isle! and happier far,
 If thou knew'st no other War!

A March to a rough wild Tune.

Enter Vulcan with Brontes, Steropes, Arges, Pyrachmon, and other Cyclopes.

Vulcan looks about with his Spectacles.

Vulcan.

Where's my damn'd Wife? boh! here she stands!
 Methinks she's plaguy fine to day!
 And this in spite of my Commands:
 There's something in't; she looks too gay.

Cupid.

Is the grumbling Husband here?
 Love no longer then can stay.

[Exit Cupid with his Followers.]

Euphrosyne.

When the jealous Coxcomb's near,
 All the Graces must away.

[Exeunt the three Graces.]

Horæ.

Now an Hour will seem a Day.

[Manent Horæ.]

Vulcan.

Thou Plague of my Life,
 Thou Devil, thou Wife!
 Come, tell me, why did you
 Dress so like a Crack? you know I forbid you;
 Why d'you patch thus and prink?
 What, you're painted, I think!
 Why this Head six foot high?
 S'Blood and Fire, who am I!

Venus.

My Fool; for what else can that Property be:
 That's ugly, and old, and ill-natur'd, like thee?

MARS and VENUS.

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I'll dress when I please ; nay, I'll cuckold thee too :
What else have young Wives with such Husbands to do?

Vulcan.

If ever you dare,
I'll make the World know what a Strumpet you are.

Venus.

Nay, what do I care ?
You'll make the World know what a Cuckold you are ?

Both at the same time in a scolding manner.

Vulcan. I'll make the World know what a Strumpet
you are.

Venus. You'll make the World know what a Cuckold
you are.

Ritornel.

Vulcan.

Join, and curse the Tye with me,
That confines us to one Bed !

Venus.

Thus, at least, we'll once agree ;
Curs'd be he that made us wed !

[Vulcan repeats that Verse three times with Venus.]

Enter some Cyclopes and their Wives, at the noise of Vulcan and Venus's quarreling.

Chorus of all.

Join, and curse the Tye with me,
That confines us to one Bed !

Thus alone you can agree,

Curst be he, curst be he, curst be he that made you wed.

[Some of the Cyclopes and their Wives dance, while the others are singing ; and in the Dance they frown, jolt, and threaten each other, wring their Hands, and kick backwards, and the Women make Horns at the Men.]

The



The Second ACT.

The Musick compos'd by Mr. John Eccles.

SCENE, The Garden of Venus.

*A March, with Trumpets and Kettle-drums, and then
with Hautboys, alternate.*

*Enter Mars, followed by Gallus, Fear, Anger, Noise,
and a Body of Soldiers marching.*

Mars. **H**ALT!

Fear. ——— Halt!

Noise. ——— Halt!

Mars.

————— None but Gallus further comes.

Now face about. [*They all face about except Gallus.*

————— Sound, beat

A Retreat,

Ye Trumpets, and ye Drums.

March all to Quarters; march, and there remain,

Till my Command renews the rough Campaign.

[*They all march out in military Order, except Mars
and Gallus, who stay. The Drums, Trumpets,
and Hautboys continue the March alternate, till
they are all gone.*

Mars.

Thou watchful Sentinel of Love,

Gallus, my trusty Spy,

By whom secure in am'rous Wars I move,

And all surprizing Foes defy,

Procure thy Master new Delight;

Go, bring my Goddess to my sight.

Gallus, looking sneakingly.

What if the limping Cuckold's nigh?

I may be bang'd,

And may be hang'd;

And

MARS and VENUS.

69.

And then god b'y,
Gallus your trusty Spy!

Mars.

No more: I on thy Vigilance rely.

Gallus.

I shall be kill'd.

Mars, offering to draw his Sword.

By me.

Gallus.

Hold, hold, I fly.

[Exit Gallus running.]

Symphony.

Mars.

Oh! Rival! you must happy be;
You ev'ry day my Goddess see.
Perhaps in vain you sigh and sue;
But you at least my Goddess view.

For such a dear bewitching sight,
Who wou'd not gaze away the Light?
Oh! tho I see her ev'ry where,
I too too little see the Fair.

In vain to shun her sight I strove:
Here, in my Heart 'tis fix'd by Love.
None can the charming Image blot,
I see her when I see her not.

And who can from her Chains be freed?
She looks; and Gods themselves adore.
She smiles; then I'm a God indeed.
She's in my Arms; Oh, then I'm more!

Enter Venus follow'd by Cupid and his Train, and

Gallus after them.

Venus, running into Mars's Arms.

My Mars!

Mars.

My Venus!

Mars and Venus.

Oh!

Mars. My Life!

Venus.

Venus.——— My Soul, my dearest *Mars* !*Mars.*——— My dearest *Venus* ! oh !

‘ Now let the World a Truce from Wars and Tumults

‘ While *Mars* is here, ’tis Peace below. (know,

‘ O Absence, now I see

‘ Unjustly we complain of thee ;

‘ Without thy Pow’r cou’d I have hop’d to find

‘ Even Beauty’s Queen so charming and so kind ?

Venus.

My Life !

Mars.

——— My Soul !

Venus.——— My dearest *Mars* !*Mars.*——— My dearest *Venus* !*Venus.*

——— Oh !

*Cupid, while dumb Courtship passes between Mars
and Venus.*

Come, you Loves, clap ev’ry Wing ;

To Triumph ! dance and sing !

[*Cupid’s Followers dance.*

‘ Come, you Loves, clap ev’ry Wing ;

‘ To Triumph ! dance and sing !

Mars and Venus.

How sweet, how pleasing, when return’d,

The lovely Object whom we mourn’d !

Recruited Fires more fiercely warm,

And Absence heightens ev’ry Charm.

The Blessing that awhile was lost,

When ’tis regain’d is valu’d most.

‘ How sweet, how pleasing, when return’d,

‘ The lovely Object whom we mourn’d !

Venus.

My Life !

Mars. — My Soul !*Venus.* — My dearest *Mars* !*Mars.*

Mars.

My dearest Venus!

Venus.

Oh!

Enter Vulcan while Venus is in the Arms of Mars,
and saying—Oh!

Vulcan.

So! so!

[He offers to knock 'em down with his Hammer,
but is hinder'd by Gallus.

Gallus.

Hold; let the God of Anvils know,
My Master's Arms must be just so.

[While he sings the last Verse, he puts his Arms about
Vulcan's Neck, and then about his Body and Thighs,
making motions to show him how a Coat of Armour
should be made to fit Mars.

Vulcan.

You faucy Varlet, I say no.
Come, Bully Mars, let go, let go!
Your Arms must be just so, just so.

[While he sings this, he takes Mars by the Arms,
and lays 'em along his sides.

Gallus.

Hold, fiery Smith, I mean those Arms,
Which you must frame for War's Alarms;
Those Arms must o'er his Shoulders close just so,
As he now did to Venus show,
Only that she might let you know.
He's somewhat rough, she somewhat tender,
His leaning on her might offend her;
So she cry'd, Oh! That's all.

Vulcan.

Oh ho! is it so?

Gallus.

Now since you're come, if you're at Leisure,
An't please your Godship, take his Measure.

Ritornel.

Mars.

Here, Vulcan, arm me, Cap-a-pie;
And let my Shield impenetrable be.

Let

Let future Heroes there appear ;
 Place Greece's, Rome's, and brave Britain's there.
 Let Alexander, Caesar, Arthur meet,
 And all their Laurels lay at greater William's Feet.

' William more God-like, and as brave,
 ' Shall only fight th' endanger'd World to save :
 ' William my other self shall be ;
 ' Inspir'd by * Themis, and by me. * The Goddess
 Justice.
 ' Immur'd in Steel now Warriors safely fight ;
 ' But Balls unseen, with rapid flight,
 ' One Day shall deal Destruction thro the Field :
 ' William, with Breast unarm'd, shall face those fiery Foes,
 ' And Mars must kindly interpose,
 ' His Representative to shield.

Here, Vulcan, arm me Cap-a-pie ;
 And let my Shield impenetrable be.

Gallus.

But good your Godship, know,
 His Arms must be just so, just so.

Vulcan hindering Venus from holding Mars ; who, while
 Gallus sings, talks to her, making Signs as if he gave
 her Directions about the Armor.

' Hold, I don't like my Wife should feel
 ' This ample Back of Brawn like Steel.
 Come, Mistress, pray, what business had you here ?

Venus faulting.

I only--came--to--take--the Air, my Dear.

Vulcan.

You rather came to arm my Head, I fear.

Venus wheedling.

Go, now I hate you, now go to !
 And cou'd you, cou'd you think I'd do,
 As I in jest did threaten you ?

Go, now I hate you, now, go to.

Dull

Dull Fool! had I design'd to try,
Wou'd I have told you so before?
Besides, you see my Son was by.

Vulcan.

Your Son's a Pimp, and you ———

Venus.

————— No more.

Vulcan.

' Why, sure some Fiend must have possess'd you
' 'Tis but a Month since I caress'd you.

Venus.

' Ungrateful Dear! cou'd you believe
' I wou'd my self and you deceive?
' What with that Forehead can compare?
' Can any one read Cuckold there?
' That Leer! that Hip, that Heel and Toe!
' What tho you're old? most *Beaux* are so.

Vulcan.

' Nay, when I'm smugg'd up, I'm so comely,
' I know you cannot think me homely.

Mars.

Come, for her Pardon humbly sue!

Tho she were not so true,
She's still too good for you.

Come for her Pardon humbly sue!

Vulcan.

What shall I do?

I fear this *Mars*, and love and fear her too.

Mars.

Come, for her Pardon humbly sue.

Vulcan.

It must be so, my Deary, Deary!

My Love! my Soul!

Venus.

————— My Hate, my Fool!

Vulcan.

Pray, Chuck, don't frown, let me come near you!

Come 'tis a Folly to repine,

You've had your Jest, pray pardon mine.

Venus.

First ask his Pardon as you ought.

*Vulcan to Mars.*You hear her, pray good *Mars* forgive my Fault.*Mars.*

Well, for her sake, no more of this be thought.

Vulcan.

‘ Now Dear, a Kiss in sign of Grace!

Venus.

‘ Not till you’ve got you a new Face.

Vulcan.

‘ Come, Buss’e ; come, it must be so!

Venus after he had kiss’d her.

‘ Pish, you’re so troublesom ! Now go.

Gallus.

‘ Shou’d he not beg my Pardon too?

Mars.

‘ Ah ! how sweet is Reconciling,

‘ When a loving Pair is smiling,

‘ Free from Spleen or jealous Doubt!

‘ O that we cou’d still be smiling,

‘ Still thus kindly reconciling,

‘ And yet never falling out!

*Vulcan.*Now all is well, my *Cyclops* shall advance

With their newest Anvil-Dance.

[*Vulcan exit.**Mars.*

‘ Let’s a while renew our Blissés

‘ In a sweet exchange of Kisses :

‘ Thus the Lover comes in Play,

‘ When the Husband is away.

Venus.

‘ But alas he will not stay !

‘ Soon be gone ; but soon return.

‘ Soon ? no, I a whole tedious hour must mourn !

‘ I a whole tedious hour must be

‘ Depriv’d of Heav’n, depriv’d of Thee.

Enter

MARS and VENUS. 75

Enter Vulcan, with several Singing and Dancing Cyclopes. They lay an Anvil on the middle of the Stage. Bromes, Arges, Steropes, and Pyrachmon, the four chief Cyclopes, sing, while others dance and strike on the Anvil.

Vulcan.

Come, away; strike and sing,
Ting, ting, ting, terry terre, terry ting, &c.
Let us make the Caves ring,

Ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting,
While we forge Thunder-Bolts for Heav'n's King.
Ting, ting, ting.

Steropes holding a red hot Bolt.

This he'll fling,

Ting, ting, ting,

At Cowards at Sieges, and Atheists at Pray'rs;

At a Husband, who by his Wife's Chastity swears.

This he'll fling, ting, ting, ting. *Chorus of Cyclopes.*

At promising Courtiers, and Fools that believe 'em;

At poor Rogues that give Bribes, and rich Knaves that

This he'll fling, &c.

[receive 'em;

' At a *Weather-Cock Priest*, who ne'er thinks as he teaches;

' At a *Cit* in his Buff, with his Heart in his Breeches;

This he'll fling, &c.

' At *Beaux* who protest they of Favours ne'er boast,

' Yet drink the Fair's Health ev'ry Night with a Toast;

This he'll fling, &c.

' At Masks, who at Fifty wou'd follow Love's Trade;

' At a Female of Twenty that swears she's a Maid;

This he'll fling, &c.

At a Couple who swear that they never repented;

At a Briton who says, he can long live contented;

This he'll fling, &c.

At a *Ninny* who finds a Gallant with his Wife,

Then begs both their Pardons for making a Strife.

Vulcan.

' How! then I am fool'd I doubt?

Mars.

' No, he jests; come, still be smiling,

' Free from Spleen, or jealous Doubt,

G. 2.

' Still

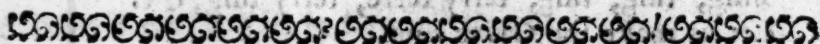
‘ Still be kindly reconciling,

‘ But be never falling out.

The Cyclopes with the rest join in a Chorus, and dance, striking on their Anvil.

‘ Thus may your Joys for ever last,

‘ The Charms of Peace best after Wars we taste.



A C T Third and Last.

The Musick compos'd by Mr. Finger.

S C E N E, a Grove.

Symphony. Enter Vulcan, and Jealousy behind him.

MY Courage comes, now Mars is gone,
I'll not be bullied into Patience.

I shou'd be jeer'd, shou'd he go on,
By Gods, and Godlins, and all Nations:

No, I'll be bold, now Mars is gone.

How shall I use this rampant Creature?

Jealousy imitating Echo _____ hate her.

What if I valiantly should beat her?

Jealousy like Echo _____ beat her.

But when she wheedles I believe her.

Jealousy like Echo _____ leave her.

Will she still jilt my kind Endeavour?

Jealousy like Echo _____ ever.

How! *Echo!* what am I? *Speak Echo.*

Jealousy like a Cuckoe _____ Cuckoe.

Symphony. Vulcan, thinking it to be the Cuckoe's Note.

Vile Bird, be curst for thy unwelcome Tongue!

Hence, let the lustful Sparrow hatch thy Young,

And Cuckoe be thy Name, and Cuckoe be thy Song!

Let married Wretches dread, yet share thy Name,

Their Wives the Guilt, yet theirs the Shame,

Till Cuckoe spreads thro all the Universal Frame.

Jealousy

MARS and VENUS.

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Jealousy discovers her self.

Symphony.

Jealousy.

See, *Vulcan*, *Jealousy* appears!

Tho not to ease, but raise thy Cares.

Still restless round the World I run,

To wrack the wretched Lover's Mind;

I watch and journey with the Sun,

To search for what I dread to find.

Thence sliding on a Beam, my Eye

Saw *Mars* with *Venus* loosely toy.

Ritornel.

Vulcan.

Revenge me Hell, new Pains invent!

To plague 'em, all thy Racks I'll steel.

No, that's too mild a Punishment;

Let 'em both share the Hell, the greater Hell I feel.

[Exeunt Vulcan and Jealousy.]

Enter Venus and Mars following her, and Gallus and Euphrosyne after 'em.

Mars.

Yield, my Dear, let full possessing

Crown my Love, and charm my Sense.

Venus.

No, I must oppose your pressing

With as gallant a Defence.

Mars.

When Love's Harvest thou'd be reaping,

Will you waste the time in Doubt?

Venus.

Ev'ry Town that's worth the keeping,

Keeps a while th' Invader out.

Cheap Embraces quickly cloy;

Easy Conquest seems a Toy:

But denying,

Struggling, flying,

Wanton playing,

Wife delaying,

Raise us to a Sense of Joy.

Mars and Venus.

Love's a Hawk, and stoops apace:

We all hurry

For the Quarry,

Tho the Sport ends with the Chace.

Ritornel.

[Exit Venus, and Mars after her.]

Gallus to Euphrosyne.

Come Child, let us kiss, hang dull silly Wooing;

'Tis time, like our Betters, we two shou'd be doing,

Kind Fate still assigns, as a Custom that's common,

To the Mistress the Master, the Man to the Woman.

Euphrosyne.

Be still, I hate your wanton Play.

Gallus.

Yet on a wanton Mistress wait?

Euphrosyne.

What others can be found of late?

If now we cannot still obey,

See all, hear all, and nothing say,

'Twere pity we shou'd serve the Great.

Gallus.

What, wou'd you have me dully woo?

I cannot flatter, cringe, and sue:

Yet if high Love must pass between us,

Come, I'll be Mars, do you be Venus.

[Like a Soldier.]

Dear Madam, you're so damn'd invading,

Rot me, I love you more than Fighting.

There cannot be a better sport,

Than to besiege so fine a Fort:

Your Eyes strange Execution do:

Yet I must die, or conquer you.

Euphrosyne.

Hold, or my Hands will prove to you

Offensive, and Defensive too.

Gallus.

'Tis vain, make what defence you please;

These two white Rising Tow'rs I'll seize.

Gal. Yield.

[Struggles with her.]

*En. ————— No.**Gal.*

Gal. _____ I must storm then.

Eu. _____ Do, do, I defy you.

Be quiet, nay don't you; I'll cry out.

Gal. _____ I'll try you.

Do, do, I defy you; do, no Body's by you.

Eu. Hold, hold!

Gal. _____ I hold you.

Eu. _____ Hold, hold, or I'll fly you.

Gal. I hold you.

Eu. _____ I'll fly you.

Gal. _____ Do, do, I defy you.

[Gallus carries her off.]

Ritornel.

Re-enter Vulcan, having laid a Net by the Couch.

Vulcan.

My Wife and her Bully are coming this way;

Tho kill them I cannot, expose 'em I may.

Since Chains of hor Lust, their dark Union have made,

In Fetters as subtle they'll here be betray'd.

Ritornel.

Well, let ev'ry Fumble,

Who like me will stumble,

Be soon made as humble

As I!

And may his Wife fly him;

Or court others by him,

And Fate then deny him

To die.

Ritornel.

Re-enter Mars and Venus.

Mars very amorously.

How my Passion is encreas'd

With imperfect Pleasure toying!

I'll no more starve at a Feast,

Nor enjoy without enjoying.

Venus

The LOVES of

Venus running into his Arms.

Ah! my Dear, my Soul, my All!
Thus for ever let me lie!

In thy Arms I ravish'd fall,
Tranc'd in melting Joys I die.

[Mars and Venus sit upon the Couch.

Mars.

- O blest me less! th' Almighty Joy
- Will ev'n Divinity destroy.
- It shakes and labours with the Bliss,
- And wastes, and wastes with ev'ry stronger Kiss.

It thunders, and at the same time, the Net spreads over 'em. The Scene opens, and discovers in a Glory, Jupiter, Juno, and other Heavenly Deities.

Wild Musick.

Mars rous'd out of his Extasy, and finding himself caught.

- Hah! am I fall'n from Heav'n to Hell?
- No, still 'tis Heav'n, bright Goddess, where you dwell.
- How! trapt in Chains! *Jove*, here! *Curs'd Vulcan* too!

Ye Gods, what Being ever fell
So low, from high'r than you?

[To Gallus.]

- Dull Spy, by whose Neglect I'm caught;
- Turn to a Bird, and by thy early Call,
- (Left secret Lovers like me fall)
- Prevent the prying Sun, and thus atone thy Fault.

Vulcan.

- Here for ever thus remain:
- Strong as Fate is *Vulcan's* Chain.
- Curs'd be the Pair that brand my Front with Shame!
- Most curs'd my Wife! Damn all Adul'ers, damn!
- May my worst Fires boil their salacious Blood,
- Corrode their Flesh, dry up the tainted Flood;
- Prey on their Bones, their inmost Marrow fry,
- Till they curse Heav'n, like me, and vainly wish to die.

Momus laughing to Mars.

Dear Bully, thou'rt fitted; long may you lie thus!
'Tis sweet to make Cuckolds; but why one of us?
What's cheaper than Women? Look, yonder appears
A World of kind Wives, and of She-Volunteers!

Not one here but wishes t' have been in your place:
 Yet, *Vulcan*, thou'rt wise thus to spread thy Disgrace:
 Thus Jealousy's cur'd, and Men gladly will know,
 There are Cuckolds above, as well as below.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, hah! as well as below.

The Chorus repeat the last two Lines.

Symphony. Enter Cupid with a Train of Cupids.

Cupid.

Thus all unequal Unions break,
 Thus *Hymen* without Love is weak.
 But I'll exert my Pow'r anew,
 Make *Vulcan* kind, and *Venus* true.
 Her Gratitude will soon improve,
 And Friendship shall resemble Love.
 Where *Hymen* wove unequal Tyes,
 Love to no higher Pitch can rise.

[Cupid strikes Vulcan with an Arrow.]

Venus.

Compell'd by Love and Fate's resistless Pow'r,
 We lov'd, we fail'd, your Pardon I implore.

Vulcan.

Well, I'm a Fool! will you do so no more?

Venus, Mars, and Cupid.

No more, no more, no more.

[Vulcan goes to set 'em free.]

A March with Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, &c.

Enter the Followers of Mars.

*[Immediately after the warlike Musick, Flutes,
 and other soft Musick, are heard.]*

Rouse, God of War, to Arms, to Arms!

Cupids.

To Love, to Love, to Love's Alarms!

Warriors.

To War, to War, to War's Alarms!

Cupids.

Hark! Flutes are warbling Love!

Warriors.

Hark! Trumpets answer War.

Mars.

Mars.

War, Battles, Conquests, Triumphs, Glory, War,
None but he is worthy Love,
Whom the Charms of Glory move.

Cupid and Mars hand in hand.

None but he is worthy Love,
Whom the Charms of Glory move.

Grand Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments.

Hail ! Great Gods of Love and War !
Thus the World's vast Empire share !

Cupids—Glory without Love is vain.*Warriors*—Without Glory Love's a Bane.*Cupids and* } None but he is worthy Love,*Warriors.* } Whom the Charms of Glory move.

Hail ! Great Gods of Love and War !

Thus the World's vast Empire share !

While the Grand Chorus is perform'd, several of Cupid's Followers dance to Flutes, and other soft Musick; and several of Mars's Followers dance to Trumpets, and other warlike Musick alternately; the Warriors strike on their Shields a kind of Tune with their Scymiters, and dance a Pyrrhick Dance, by Fits fighting off the Stage suddenly: and then immediately the Cupids come in and dance, with their Bows and Arrows seeming to aim at each other; then also go off, and re-enter by Fits, which ends the Entertainment.



An



An Explanation of the FABLE of *Mars*
and *Venus*; out of Mr. Motteux's
GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL,
Month of January, Vol. 3.

THE oldest of the Heathen Gods was *Cœlus*, whose Son *Saturn* is sometimes describ'd like an old Man devouring his Children, and at others with Wings and a Scythe; with which having spoilt his Father's propagating Faculty, lest he should produce other Beings, some of the Blood fell into the Sea, and mixing with the foamy Waves gave birth to *Venus*.

By *Cœlus* the Antients seem to have meant the Heavens, whose Motions give birth to Time, which is figured by *Saturn*, made old because first created; and said to devour his Children, Time devouring its Off-spring. The Wings imply its swiftness; and the Scythe, that it mows down all. *Saturn* castrating *Cœlus* shows, that Time soon takes from things the power of multiplying their Kind, lest they should encrease to too great a Number, and that the Destruction of one is the Production of another; also, that even after the loss of the Power, Desire fluctuates, and creates *Venus*.

Fair *Venus* is the Wife of limping *Vulcan*, and *Cupid* is her Son; *Mars* is the Son of *Juno*, who by the advice of *Flora*, begot him, having toucht a Flower, to be even with *Jupiter*, who begot *Minerva* out of his Brain without any other help. *Mars* is charm'd, courts and enjoys *Venus*; but *Phœbus* discovers this to *Vulcan*, who frames so artificial a Net, that he secures *Mars* and *Venus* in it, who are expos'd to the laughter of the Gods.

Venus is libidinous Pleasure, which is always wedded to the Fire of Lust: which is the reason that *Vulcan* is made ugly, because Lust is so; limping like too many of its infected

fect'd Votaries; and supporting himself with a Stick, because Fire cannot subsist without Fuel; made God of Smiths, because lustful Flames serve to forge and sharpen the first Points of Love, that is, the Arms of *Cupid*; as it made those of the *Trojans* and *Greeks* in another Sense, the Loves of *Paris* and *Helena* having caus'd those two Nations to take up Arms. And as *Venus* is Daughter of the Sea, *Vulcan's* Wife, and *Mars's* Mistress, she's apt to cause stormy Commotions, Fire and Bloodshed.

As for *Jupiter's* having without any help produc'd out of his Brain *Minerva* the Goddess of Arts and Sciences, call'd *Pallas* and *Bellona*, when she presides to defensive Arms, this means the omnipotent Deity, who by his supreme Wisdom has form'd all States, and given to Man Arts and Sciences, with the means of defending himself against his Enemies. *Juno* is Riches, Jealousy and Envy, that begat *Mars*, which is War, in opposition to *Minerva*, that is, the flourishing Condition of Governments. *Flora*, by whom *Juno* is advis'd, means Youth, to whose rash advice War often owes its beginning. By *Mars* Warriors are to be understood, who gazing on *Venus*, or libidinous Pleasure, are entic'd; and abandoning themselves to an ignoble Sloth, lose their martial Vigour, which is only preserv'd by military Discipline. Now this cannot be hid from the piercing Eyes of a prying Observer, meant by the *Sun*, whose Light discovers all the intrigue to the Enemy: Thus they are surprized in the Snare, which the Fire of Lust, the Husband of unlawful Pleasure, has laid for them; and exposed to the Censure of the Gods, that is, their Superiours, and the World.



F I N I S.